

Watch Your Kidneys!

That "bad back" is probably due to weak kidneys. It shows in a dull, throbbing headache, or sharp twinges when stooping. You have headaches, too, dizzy spells, a tired nervous feeling and irregular kidney action. Don't neglect it—there is danger of dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease! Use **Doan's Kidney Pills**. Thousands have saved themselves from serious ailments by the timely use of Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

A Michigan Case

Mrs. John Cowan, 307 W. A. St., Iron Mountain, Mich., says: "Every time I would do any stooping I was bothered with pains in my back. After a hard day's work my back was lame, stiff and sore. I always felt tired, weak and run down. I was dizzy and my kidneys acted irregularly. I bought a few boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills and they cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

TO EVERY READER

There is no pure herb family medicine in the world today that can equal the power and give such grand results in regulating the bowels, stimulating the liver, cleansing and purifying the blood, and purifying and enriching the blood—than

BULGARIAN BLOOD TEA

Those who suffer with stomach, liver, kidney, rheumatism or blood troubles will find Bulgarian Blood Tea the best medicine to relieve and correct these ailments. It is wonderful how quick you will begin to pick up and be your old-time self again.

During the 1918-1920 influenza epidemic Bulgarian Blood Tea was used by countless thousands of sufferers with marvelous success and millions of people took it steaming hot to prevent and ward off the disease.

As a general first aid family medicine it has no equal and every person should have a box constantly on hand for any emergency—to kill colds, allay fevers and guard against influenza, pneumonia or other serious sickness. And all mothers and fathers of families should apply at once to their druggist or grocer for a trial box of Bulgarian Blood Tea.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Removes Dandruff, Itching, Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. Cleanses and Stimulates the Scalp. Sold Everywhere.
HINDENCOINS
Removes Corns, Calluses, Blisters, Itching, Eruptions, Etc. By Daily Use. No Pain. No Danger. Sold Everywhere.

Ladies Let Cuticura
Keep Your Skin
Fresh and Young
Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

The Beauty of The Lily
can be yours. Its wonderfully pure, soft, pearly white appearance, free from all blemishes, will be comparable to the perfect beauty of your skin and complexion if you will use
Gouraud's Oriental Cream
FREDT. HOPKINS & SON, INC., NEW YORK
W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 38-1920.

Will Understand Later On.
Mother (after caller had gone)—Elsie, it was not nice of you to ask Miss Elderly her age; she did not like it at all.
Little Daughter—Well, she asked me my age first and I didn't get mad about it.

EATONIC Users—Do This—Get the Greatest Benefits

Chicago, Ill.—Thousands of reports from people all over the U. S. who have tested eatonic, show the greatest benefits are obtained by using it for a few weeks, taking one or two tablets after each meal.

Eatonic users know that it stops Belching, Bloating, Heartburn, and Stomach Miseries quickly, but the really lasting benefits are obtained by using eatonic long enough to take the harmful excess acids and gases entirely out of the system. This requires a little time, for eatonic takes up the excess acidity and poisons and carries them out of the body and of course, when it is all removed, the sufferer gets well, feels fine—full of life and pep.

If you have been taking an eatonic now and then, be sure and take it regularly for a time and obtain all of these wonderful benefits. Please speak to your druggist about this, so that he can tell others that need this help. Adv.

Let's Go to Durham.
In the county of Durham, England, it is an old custom to give fruit cake and cheese to the first person met on the way to the church by a christening party.

MURINE Night and Morning. Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they're Itchy, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At All Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

The Great Shadow

By A. CONAN DOYLE

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"

Copyright by A. Conan Doyle

BONAVENTURE DE LAPP.

Synopsis.—Writing long after the events described, Jack Calder, Scot farmer of West Inch, tells how, in his childhood, the fear of invasion by Napoleon, at that time complete master of Europe, had gripped the British nation. Following a false alarm that the French had landed, Jim Horscroft, the doctor's son, a youth of fifteen, quarrels with his father over joining the army. She chooses Jim. Jack gives up Edie to Jim. The downfall of Napoleon is celebrated. A half-dead shipwrecked foreigner drifts ashore at West Inch.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"He's dying, Jim," I cried.
"Aye, for want of food and water. There's not a drop or a crumb in the boat. Maybe there's something in the bag." He sprang in and brought out a black leather bag, which, with a large blue coat, was the only thing in the boat. It was locked, but Jim had it open in an instant. It was half full of gold pieces.

Neither of us had ever seen so much before—no, nor a tenth part of it. There must have been hundreds of them, all bright new British sovereigns. Indeed, so taken up were we that we had forgotten all about their owner, until a groan took our thoughts back of him. His lips were blue as ever, and his jaw had dropped. I lean over his open mouth now, with its row of white, wolfish teeth.

"My God! he's off," cried Jim.
"He's run to the burn, Jack, for a hatful of water. Quick, man, or he's gone! I'll loosen his things the while."

Away I tore, and was back in a minute with as much water as would stay in my Glenagarry. Jim had pulled open the man's coat and shirt, and we doused the water over him, and forced some between his lips. It had a good effect, for after a gasp or two he sat up, and rubbed his eyes slowly, like a man who is waking from a deep sleep. But neither Jim nor I were looking at his face now, for our eyes were fixed on his uncovered chest.

There were two deep red puckers in it, one just below the collar bone, and the other about halfway down on the right side. The skin of his body was extremely white up to the brown line of his neck, and the angry crinkled spots looked the more vivid against it. From above I could see there was a corresponding pucker in the back at one place but not at the other. Inexperienced as I was, I could tell that meant. Two bullets had pierced his chest—one had passed through it, and the other had remained inside.

"But suddenly he staggered up to his feet, and pulled his shirt to, with a quick, suspicious glance at us.

"What have I been doing?" he asked. "I've been off my head. Take no notice of anything I may have said. Have I been shouting?"

"You shouted just before you fell."

"What did I shout?"

I told him, though it bore little meaning to my mind. He looked sharply at us, and then he shrugged his shoulders.

"It's the words of a song," said he. "Well, the question is, what am I to do now? I didn't thought I was so weak. Where did you get the water?"

I pointed towards the burn, and he staggered off to the bank. There he lay down upon his face, and he drank until I thought he would never have done. At last he got up, with a long sigh, and wiped his mustache with his sleeve.

"That's better," said he. "Have you any food?"

I had crammed two bits of oatcake into my pocket when I left home, and these he crushed into his mouth and swallowed. Then he squared his shoulders, puffed out his chest, and patted his ribs with the flat of his hands.

"I am sure that I owe you exceedingly well," said he. "You have been very kind to a stranger. But I see that you have had occasion to open my bag?"

"We hoped that we might find wine or brandy there when you fainted."

"Oh, I have nothing there but just my little—how do you say it?—my savings. They are not much, but I must live quietly upon them until I feel something to do. Now, one could see—very quietly here, I should say. I did not have come upon a more peaceful place, without, perhaps, so

much as a gendarme nearer than that town."

"You haven't told us yet who you are, where you come from, nor what you have been," said Jim bluntly.

The stranger looked him up and down with a critical eye. "My word! but you would make a grenadier for a flank company," said he. "As to what you ask, I might take offense at it from other lips, but you have a right to know, since you have received me with so great courtesy. My name is Bonaventure de Lapp. I am a soldier and a wanderer by trade, and I have come from Dunkirk, as you may see printed upon the boat."

"I thought that you had been shipwrecked?" said I.

But he looked at me with the straight gaze of an honest man.

"That is right," said he. "But the ship went from Dunkirk, and this is one of her boats. The crew got away in the long boat, and she went down so quickly that I had no time to put anything into her. That was on Monday."

"And today's Thursday. You have been three days without bite or sup?"
"It is too long," said he. "Twice before I have been for two days, but never quite so long as this. Well, I shall leave my boat here, and see whether I can get lodgings in any of these little gray houses up on the hillsides. Why is that great fire burning over yonder?"

"It is one of our neighbors who has served against the French. He is rejoicing because peace has been declared."

"Oh! you have a neighbor who has served, then? I am glad, for I, too, have seen a little soldiering here and there." He did not look glad, but he drew his brows down over his keen eyes.

"You are French, are you not?" I asked, as we all walked up the hill together, he with his black bag in his hand, and his long blue cloak slung over his shoulder.

"Well, I am of Alsace," said he. "And you know they are more German than French. For myself, I have been in so many lands that I feel at home in all. I have been a great traveler. And where do you think that I might find a lodging?"

I can scarcely tell now, on looking back with the great gap of five-and-thirty years between what impression this singular man had made upon me. Jim Horscroft was a fine man, and Maj. Elliott was a brave one, but they had both lacked something that this wanderer had. It was the quick, alert look, the flash of the eye, the nameless distinction which is so hard to fix. And then, we had saved him when he lay gasping on the shingle, and one's heart always softens toward what one has once helped.

"If you will come with me," said I. "I have little doubt that I can find you a bed for a night or two, and by that time you will be better able to make your own arrangements."

He pulled off his hat, and bowed with all the grace imaginable. But Jim Horscroft pulled me by the sleeve and led me aside.

"You're mad, Jack," he whispered. "The fellow's a common adventurer. What do you want to get mixed up with him for?"

But I was always as obstinate as a man as ever laced his boots, and if you jerked me back it was the finest way of sending me to the front.

"He's a stranger, and it's our part to look after him," said I.

"You'll be sorry for it," said he.

"Maybe so."

"If you don't think of yourself you might think of your cousin."

"Edie can take very good care of herself."

"Well, then, the devil take you, and you may do what you like," he cried, in one of his sudden flashes of anger. Without a word of farewell to either of us he turned off upon the track that led up toward his father's house.

Bonaventure de Lapp smiled at me as we walked on together.

"I didn't thought he liked me very much," said he. "I can see very well that he has made a quarrel with you because you are taking me to your home. What does he think of me then? Does he think, perhaps, that I have stole the gold in my bag, or what is it that he fears?"

"Tut! I neither know nor care," said I. "No stranger shall pass our door without a crust and a bed. With my head cocked, and feeling as if I was doing something very fine, instead of being the most egregious fool south of Edinburgh, I marched on down the path, with my new acquaintance at my elbow.

CHAPTER VI.

A Wanderer's Eagle.

My father seemed to be much of Jim Horscroft's opinion, for he was not over warm to this new guest, and looked him up and down with a very questioning eye. He set a dish of vinegar herring before him, however, and I noticed that he looked more askance than ever when my companion ate nine of them, for two were always our portion. When at last he had finished, Bonaventure de Lapp's

lids were drooping over his eyes, for I doubt not that he had been sleepless as well as foodless for these three days. It was but a poor room to which I led him, but he threw himself down upon the couch, wrapped his big blue cloak around him, and was asleep in an instant. He was a very high and strong snorer, and, as my room was next to his, I had reason to remember that we had a stranger within our gates.

When I came down in the morning I found that he had been beforehand with me, for he was seated opposite my father at the window table in the kitchen, their heads almost touching, and a little roll of gold pieces between them. As I came in my father looked up at me, and I saw a light of greed in his eyes such as I had never seen before. He caught up the money with an eager clutch, and swept it into his pocket.

"Very good, mister," said he. "The room's yours, and you pay always on the third of the month."

"Ah, and here is my first friend," cried de Lapp, holding out his hand to me with a smile which was kindly enough, and yet had that touch of patronage which a man uses when he smiles to his dog. "I am myself again now, thanks to my excellent supper and good night's rest. Ah, it is hunger that takes the courage from a man. That most, and cold rest."

"Aye, that's right," said my father. "I've been out on the moors in a snow-drift for six-and-thirty hours, and I ken what it is like."

"I once saw three thousand men starve to death," remarked de Lapp, putting out his hands to the fire. "Day by day they got thinner and more like apes, and they did come down to the edge of the pontoons where we did keep them, and they howled with rage and pain. The first few days their howls went over the whole city, but after a week our sentries on the bank could not hear them, so weak they had fallen."

"And they died?" I exclaimed.
"They held out a very long time. Austrian grenadiers they were, of the corps of Starowitz, fine, stout men, as big as your friend of yesterday, but when the town fell there were but four hundred alive, and a man could lift them three at a time, as if they were little monkeys. It was a pity. Ah, my friend, you will do me the honors with madame and with mademoiselle."

It was my mother and Edie, who had come into the kitchen. He had not seen them the night before; but now it was all I could do to keep my face as I watched him, for, instead of our homely Scottish nod, he bent up his back like a loping trout, and slid his foot, and clapped his hand over his heart in the queerest way.

My mother stared, for she thought he was making fun of her, but Cousin Edie fell into it in an instant, as though it had been a game, and away she went in a great courtesy, until I thought she would have had to give it up, and sit down right there in the middle of the kitchen floor. But no, she was up again as light as a piece of fluff, and we all drew up our stools and started on the scones and milk and porridge.

He had a wonderful way with women, that man. Now, if I were to do it, or Jim Horscroft, it would look as if we were playing the fool, and the girls would have laughed at us; but with him it seemed to go with his style of face and fashion of speech, so that one came at last to look for it. For when he spoke to my mother or to Cousin Edie—and he was never backward in speaking—it would always be with a bow and a look as if it would hardly be worth their while to listen to what he had to say; and when they answered he would put on a face as though every word they said was to be treasured up and remembered forever. Edie did not say much, but she kept shooting little glances at our visitor, and once or twice he looked very hard at her.

When he had gone to his room, after breakfast, my father pulled out eight golden pounds, and laid them on the table.

An eagle in a humble nest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Making Sure.

A story is told of a farmer who was having trouble with his horse. It would start, walk about 20 yards or so, then stop for a few seconds and start again, only to repeat the performance. After watching this exhibition for some time a friend overtook the farmer during one of the horse's long waits. "What's the matter with the horse?" he asked. "Is it lame?"

"Not as I know of," answered the farmer very crossly, "but he's so dashed feared I'll say 'when' and he won't hear me, so he stops every now and then to listen."—The Tatler.

White Elephant.

Isn't it a pity that a man never can dispose of his motor experience for as much as it cost him?

WOMAN SLAYS HER AVENGER

Shoots Man Who Had Killed Two Others Who Had Attacked Her Honor.

ARGUES OVER MOTOR

First Husband Ambushed and Killed Six Years Ago—Her Ranch Foreman and His Father Were Shot by Wilson.

Winfield, Kan.—A year and a half after he had shot two men to death on the main street of Tahlequah, Okla., to avenge his wife's honor, Homer S. Wilson, himself, was shot and killed on a lonely country road, near Winfield, Kan., by Mrs. Wilson. He is the fourth man, intimately acquainted with his pretty dark-haired wife, who has perished.

Charles West, first husband of Mrs. Wilson, was shot and killed from ambush near Tahlequah six years ago. Then Frank Anthony and his father, William, fell at Wilson's hands because Wilson charged young Anthony, foreman of Mrs. Wilson's ranch, at Tahlequah, had been too friendly with Mrs. Wilson while her husband was in the army.

Were Returning From Cattle Buying Trip.

Mrs. Wilson killed her husband as they were returning from a cattle buying trip to Dexter, 22 miles east of Winfield. With the Wilsons at the time were Charles Ridgeway and Ed Glass, who have ranches near Dexter.

Wilson had been driving his automobile very fast, according to the story told by eye witnesses to the tragedy. When a stop was made for tire trouble and Wilson left the car, Mrs. Wilson slid into the driver's seat, insisting she would drive. An argument followed and Mrs. Wilson suddenly shot twice with an automatic pistol she had taken from the flap of one of the seats.

After Wilson had been inducted into the service he complained to the draft officials that his wife had reported suf-



Mrs. Wilson Suddenly Shot Twice.

fering at the hands of her foreman, Frank Anthony. When he returned from the army he engaged Anthony in a duel in the street, shooting him twice. The elder Anthony rushed around a corner and was shot dead by Wilson as he reached for his fallen son's gun.

Acquitted Under "Unwritten Law."

The successful duelist was acquitted by the jury under the "unwritten law." He testified at the hearing that his wife had confessed the Anthony had ambushed and killed her former husband and had sworn also to kill Wilson.

Wilson, thirty-five years old, gained fame in the cattle country through his ability as a liar and thrower. He was with the 101 Ranch Wild West show several years as chief of its cowboys, touring Europe and South America with that circus. Mrs. Wilson is of Indian blood, according to friends.

Bathtub Is Too Warm.

Philadelphia.—Before going upstairs to take a bath, Solomon Saltin, proprietor of a hardware store in Philadelphia, lighted an oil lamp and placed it in the store directly below the bathroom.

Later, Solomon, sitting in the bathtub, noticed that the water was becoming unusually warm. He turned on the cold water. It failed to reduce the temperature. Getting out to investigate, Solomon found flames eating through the floor beneath the tub. He suffered a \$4,000 loss before the firemen extinguished the blaze.

Wasp Bored Holes Through Ear.
Springfield, Mass.—Rushing into the office of an ear specialist, Miss Lillian Beechey had a wasp which had punctured her ear four times removed by the physician.

ACCEPTING NO MORE FAVORS

Negro's Somewhat Peculiar Reason for Refusing to Act as Pallbearer Any More.

In Alabama a negro team-driver came home one night and found his wife highly agitated.
"Jeff," she said, "you know dat Asa Roger's wife Sallie is dead. Ain't you goin' to be a pallbearer at de fun'r'l?"
"No, I ain't," answered Jeff, with unusual positiveness.
"You ain't? Well, wasn't you a pallbearer at de fun'r'l of his second wife Melissa?"
"Sho I wuz. But dat ain't—"

"En wuzn't you a pallbearer at de fun'r'l of his first wife, Mandy? What you mean, you ain't goin' act dis time?"
"Liza," he said, "suttinly I wuz a pallbearer at dem fun'r'ls, en I done de best I could, but I'm tellin' you now I ain't acceptin' no mo' favors from nobody whut I can't return."—London Tit-Bits.

The Cuticura Toilet Trio.

Having cleared your skin keep it clear by making Cuticura your every-day toilet preparations. The soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them. 25c everywhere.—Adv.

Steady Decline.

"Some men seem to reach the zenith of their powers early in life."

"Yes?"

"There's Henry Butterbean, for instance, whose wife runs a boarding house. When Henry was a boy he was captain of our baseball team and had the largest library of dime novels in town, but he hasn't been prominent since."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Cold in the Head"

Is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Those subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the system, cleanse the blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh.
HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring normal conditions.
All Druggists. Circulars free.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Out of Babies' Mouths.

"Children often enunciate profound truths unconsciously," said Senator Hiram Johnson.

"I once asked a tiny tot what a demagogue was. The tot thought a moment and then answered:

"A demagogue is a vessel containing beer and other drinks."

SICK WOMEN HEAR ME

You Can Be Free from Pain as I Am, if You Do as I Did.

Harrington, Me.—"I suffered with backache, pains through my hips and such a bearing down feeling that I could not stand on my feet. I also had other distressing symptoms. At times I had to give up work. I tried a number of remedies but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me more good than anything else. I am regular, do not suffer the pains I used to, keep house and do all my work. I recommend your medicine to all who suffer as I did and you may use my letter as you like."—Mrs. MINNIE MITCHELL, Harrington, Me.

There are many women who suffer as Mrs. Mitchell did and who are being benefited by this great medicine every day. It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration.
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound contains no narcotics or harmful drugs. It is made from extracts of roots and herbs and is a safe medium for women. If you need special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

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DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Cures your drug-gist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE.
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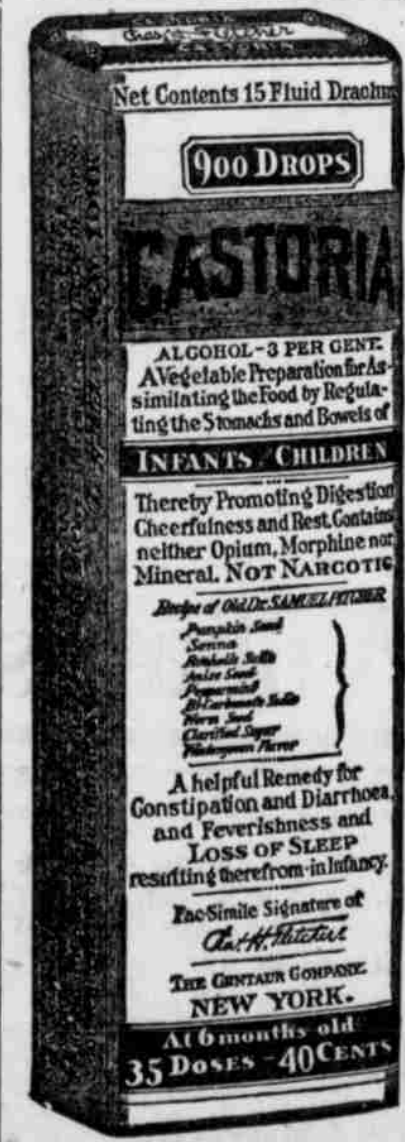
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Too Much Appetite may be as dangerous as too little

When the skin is sallow or yellow, the eyes dull, the head aches or sleep broken and unrefreshing, the back aches, or there is a pain under the right shoulder blade—it is an indication that the body is being poisoned by poorly digested and imperfectly eliminated food-waste. It is a wise thing to take

Beecham's Pills

to relieve these symptoms by helping to remove the causes

Sold by druggists throughout the world. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

